

Just carry me home tonight

Gemma's Writing

Star Wars

Complete



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Table of Contents

[Cover](#)
[Title Page](#)
[Copyright Information](#)
[Table of Contents](#)
[Summary](#)
[1. Just carry me home tonight](#)

Summary

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Description:

"I – I didn't mean to, it's only that... Well, the Force, it lets me feel... What you feel, and I know this wasn't exactly what you imagined for your wedding night, so I..." His flesh hand rose to scratch his neck awkwardly, "I suppose I just wanted to make this special for you..." Wedding night smut!

1. Just carry me home tonight

Her new husband was trying to be romantic.

In the rush of planning an impromptu wedding, thoughts of preparing the bedchamber for... *After*, hadn't crossed her mind. If it had, Padme would have sent Dorme and Sabe to set something *special* up, but she'd dismissed her handmaidens for the night after helping her into the beautiful dress they'd managed to find in one of the little stores just outside the Theed's marketplace. It was an almost unbelievably lucky find, something so beautiful usually took weeks — *months* even to be created and tailored to a specific size. And yet, they did it, and she'd almost wept with gratitude. While she would never confess it to anyone, not even herself aloud, the idea of wearing her sister's wedding gown was slightly... Well, *disappointing*. Sola's sense of style and her own differed vastly, and what suited her sister did not necessarily suit Padme. Trying the dress on left her feeling uncomfortable and, rather frankly, unattractive.

It was no secret that Sola boasted a much more... *Ample* chest than Padme and the empty space left in the torso of the dress led to the entire thing sliding straight off of her body and into a puddle of tulle by her feet. Dorme kindly offered to pin the dress into place, but Padme refused her with a long sigh.

Anakin would be wearing his own clothing, for he had nothing else, no formal outfit to change into... And so, she'd tried convincing herself that, perhaps one of her own dresses would suffice. It would *fit*, at the very least even if she would not look very much like a bride. But that kind of thinking was superficial, it shouldn't matter what she wore — she was about to marry the man she *loved* above all else in the galaxy, nothing was more important than that, especially not a *dress*. That's what she told herself, at least, to smoothen the bitter bite of disappointment.

So, when her sweet, wonderful friends surprised her with a dress all of her own, she'd never been more grateful to anyone in her entire life. Of course, there had been bigger and — in the grand scale of things — more important favours delivered throughout her life, but this was her *wedding* day! She was allowed to be a little selfish and... Dramatic, perhaps. And, with a blush, she admitted she wanted to surprise Anakin, so that he looked at her the way she'd seen countless grooms look at their brides over the years. That was a perfectly reasonable wish on her wedding day, wasn't it?

Everything about what they were planning to do, the wedding, the deception, the *marriage*, it was all terribly *wrong*, and she knew that. The love she felt for Anakin broke the rules, it threatened their lives and futures... its exposure could easily spell the destruction of *everything* they'd worked so tirelessly for all these years apart — her credibility in the Senate would be left in tatters if a secret marriage to a Jedi were ever discovered, the Queen would likely demand that she step down from her position as Senator immediately, and Anakin would be expelled from the Jedi Order which would ruin his dreams of Mastery. They could both lose so much.

There were *countless* reasons *not* to do it, to walk away from each other and indulge in only a professional relationship. *That* made sense; it was the right thing to do.

But they couldn't.

Ignoring her feelings for Anakin was too painful; their capture on Geonosis opened her eyes to that and tore her heart to pieces. *No longer*, that's what she promised herself in those moments before they were led out into the arena, no longer would she deny her heart what it craved — its mate. Padme belonged with Anakin and he with her. It was fate — it was destiny and for the first time, she looked over the precipice of the unknown, spread out her arms and jumped.

Everything up until now had been the rush of the fall — she'd even been bold enough to negotiate with Obi-wan for an entire *week* for Anakin to stay with her here, in Naboo. One week of newly wedded bliss. Under the guise of Anakin's recuperation of course. Which, to a certain extent, *was* true. The trauma of losing a limb — no matter how much he tried to shrug it off with playful smiles and sweet kisses, hadn't faded. Would it ever? Padme wasn't sure... If it had happened to *her*... She wasn't sure she'd be handling it quite so well. The shock wasn't the only lingering aftereffect, the pain still burned at his flesh where durasteel met skin and bone and now he was free of the medcenter, Anakin wasn't permitted any use of pain relief. He said it was something to do with one's focus and connection with the Force... But Padme couldn't agree with such things. Surely, the Force, if it was truly as forgiving as the Jedi's teachings, would not have him in pain like this... Still, it was Anakin's choice and he'd made it. She could only offer her support and care.

Wifely support and care.

The thought sent rampant tingles of excitement creeping along her spine. *Wife*. She still wasn't used that quite yet.

These past few days together had given them exactly what they needed, *time*. Time to talk through the night by the fireplace until the sun rose, to think through *every* possible scenario they could face, every possibility and solution of the problems ahead. It was in the midst of one of those nights, where Padme realised she could content herself with being Anakin's lover — what more was there for them? They would *never* lead normal lives, and especially not together. A hidden relationship was the best they could ever hope for. But, Anakin was not willing to settle, he desired something tangible, something undeniable. "*Lovers are temporary.*" he'd whispered to her, reaching out to stroke her cheek, "*replaceable. There's no true commitment or — or ties between them, that's not what I want. I want all of you, Padme... And to give you all of myself in return.*"

When he'd uttered such *beautiful* words and proposed marriage, she'd been stunned to silence for several moments too long. *Oh*, he must have been so afraid of her rejection... A rejection she'd almost given him. Confessing her love to him moments before an execution neither knew they'd escape was one thing, becoming lovers, quite another, but *marriage*? That was... It hadn't once crossed her mind. Surely, it was too soon for such a commitment, they'd only been in each other's lives for a few weeks! And Anakin *couldn't* marry; it was against the Jedi code!

What kind of a life could they ever have together? Padme meant what she said when she told him living a lie was not something she was prepared to do, but to be with Anakin *was* to

live a life of constant deception and danger of discovery. She could never take him home and introduce him to her family as anything more than her Jedi protector and very good friend; her already abysmal social life would become even lesser... Male attention beyond platonic acquaintances would have to be avoided so as to never lead someone on, even unwittingly. They could never be seen together publically as anything more than friends, even if they *were* husband and wife... Nobody else could ever know that. It would mean she could never call herself Skywalker, that Anakin could never call her his wife to anyone else, and... And they could never have children. She'd never have the family she wanted.

What Anakin asked of her was constant sacrifice, on both their parts, a life of secrets from everyone she loved... But *he* was one of those people too. And the realisation that secrets, sacrifice and lies were *nothing* in comparison to sharing her heart and life with the man she loved.

So, she told him yes.

While, of course, she understood they could not have the wedding others got to, deep down, she grieved that she couldn't have any of Naboo's customs in the small exchange of vows that she'd loved as a little girl... Her father had not been there to walk her to the balcony to meet Anakin, nor was her mother or sister present to help her dress or offer advice, her little nieces hadn't skipped ahead throwing pretty petals everywhere and there would be no party afterwards to celebrate with their friends. It was a little saddening, but in the grander scheme of matters, unimportant. Padme was Anakin's *wife* now, and he was her *husband*. They didn't need anything more than that for it to be special.

When, after the holy man left them to relish in their new commitment to one another as the sun set, Padme found herself scooped up, into her Jedi husband's arms and carried back inside her — *their* — home, only then did bedchamber preparations come to her. As it stood, all that awaited them was a bed. And while she was perfectly sure that was quite... *Enough*, it wasn't very romantic. After aiding in setting up the bedchamber with Sola for her wedding, giggling and gossiping the entire time, Padme supposed she just had certain... Expectations.

A bed of rose petals, candles lit to set the mood, perhaps... Just little things.

At the very least, Anakin remembered to walk them back to the master bedroom rather than his own smaller guest chamber... There was much she couldn't have today, but she *would* have her own bed. That, Padme stubbornly refused to sacrifice too. Upon entering, they separated, with Anakin hovering uncomfortably near the bed and Padme heading straight for the refresher room. In the haste of the frantic preparations, there was no time to go to Theed to pick up something special, for *beneath* her gown, a sensual surprise for her new husband. Alas, one of her shorter nightgowns would have to do... Though, with a nervous smile, she felt safe to assume Anakin would be *perfectly* content with that.

Without the aid of Sabe and Dorme, unlacing her wedding gown was extremely difficult, and calling for Anakin's assistance sent her cheeks into flames, but somehow, she managed. Lace slipped off her body easily once loosened and fell to a heavy bundle by her ankles. Moments after, her veil joined its partner. There'd be time to pick everything up tomorrow... When it — when *they* — were... Well, *done*... By either side of her body, twin hands trembled as a nervous smile made its way across her lips. *Why* was she so nervous? After everything she'd been through — battles, attempted assassinations, Senate quarrels, live

speeches, and most recently an almost execution — this, her wedding night, shouldn't frighten her. She wasn't *afraid*, exactly, just apprehensive. That was normal, wasn't everyone nervous about this?

She slipped the lighter, silver silky fabric onto her body and turned around to inspect her reflection with a tilted head... The nightgown was short, just barely covering her thighs and backside, usually, such a daring piece was reserved for the warm Naboo nights in summer when floor length nightwear would be suffocating. But Padme had always rather liked the way the cut made her legs seem... Longer almost, without the aid of heels, which for someone of her stature were necessary. The slightly low dip exposed a hint of her cleavage to the eye, not too much, but *enough* to tease... It may not be the bridal lingerie she'd pictured, but she looked *good*, seductive even.

But that was *her* opinion, what truly mattered was what Anakin thought. He'd led a rather sheltered life within the Jedi temple, and she knew how little experience he had — even less than her with hers being the first kiss he ever had. It only meant that Padme truly was his first, at *everything*... He wasn't the type to use the HoloNet for the more... Scandalous content. From the way he'd blushed at the backless attire she'd worn a few days ago, she was sure her flesh would be the all he'd ever seen.

Something about that made the Senator raise her chin proudly.

She stepped out of the room with a sigh filled with lingering nervousness and her hands fisted each side of the nightgown to ease the trembling, and it struck her... Something smelled different. The usual pleasant smell of Naboo blossoms had been replaced with something else, something earthier and the shadowy darkness of the room had been lit up with more candles than her eyes could truly take in. Every surface was littered with them, large and small, each topped by a dancing flicker of fire bathing the room in a dull glow... It was *exactly* what she'd wanted. How — how did he... *How*?

"Anakin?" She breathed and at once he appeared by the open balcony door, free of his heavy cloak and robes and dressed only in a lighter grey undershirt and trousers...

"Do you like it?" He asked shyly, taking a single step into the room and Padme's eyebrows knitted together.

"It's *beautiful*! How did you manage this?" She'd only been in the bathroom for a few minutes! This should have taken much longer than that — had Dorme and Sabe come back? Or did Threepio help out? Or —

"You'd be surprised how quickly things can be done with the Force..." His shy chuckle laid any curiosity to sleep as an overwhelming rush of love for him washed over her heart. "I — I didn't mean to, it's only that... Well, the Force, it lets me feel... What *you* feel and I know this wasn't exactly what you imagined for your wedding night, so I..." His flesh hand rose to scratch awkwardly at the back of his neck as he searched for the correct words and Padme listened without interrupting. "I suppose I just wanted to make this *special* for you..." From where she stood, the candlelight caught the red flush of his cheeks as he spoke and her heart quickened in her chest... He really did all of this, for her... Just so that she wasn't disappointed or let down...

She loved him, she loved him, she loved him.

“Oh, Anakin...” Padme rushed across the room, desperate suddenly to hold him in her arms and look up into his eyes as she spoke. “You didn’t have to do that — this was already special enough...” All he wanted was her happiness, and he’d proved it over and over and she swore she didn’t deserve him. Who ever could? He was such bright innocence, a soul of pure love and *light*. She could never not love him, no matter whatever happened. It was an impossibility. And yet, right now in this moment, Padme wasn’t sure if she ever *had* loved him before, because what she felt *now*, as her hands reached up to stroke his cheeks, was *more* than anything ever felt earlier, it was insurmountable, breath-taking and it left her utterly speechless. “*No one is perfect until you love them.*” Her mother’s words filled her mind suddenly, and with that, there was no more need for words.

Padme threw herself upon him, arms and legs and he stumbled momentarily with her added weight before his own arms, flesh and durasteel came around her as tightly as she held him. One last swell of uneasy jitters came to life in her stomach and chest, but she swallowed them down as their foreheads pressed against one another. Without a word they moved together, noses brushing briefly, before Anakin gave in and melded his lips with her own and Padme sighed into his mouth, fingers sliding into and twirling his cropped hair. There was no rush, no fear of consequences or hesitance. The Galaxy froze in the wake of with their passion, bowing to their love... Everything else could wait until they were ready. There was no time in the chamber, no ticking of the chrono counting the moments until he had to leave her, nothing but them, together, Anakin and Padme and their love burning amongst the heat of a thousand, thousand little flames.

Warm and cold fingers slipped upwards on her body and beneath the flimsy nightgown and pressed into her hips harshly, sending sharp bolts of tingles shooting through her skin. Teeth nipped at her bottom lip just hard enough to make her gasp and then their tongues were together, mating wetly to the sensual song of their mutually heavy breathing. The meeting tempted a little moan from the back of her throat, but she fought against it and ran her fingers through his hair again. Anakin was not so reluctant to show how he felt, and an aroused groan fell from his lips as easily as his breath.

She felt her cheeks heat suddenly and violently when she felt him against her, through the thinness of the trousers — *hard*. It was the first time she’d ever felt a man... *Like that*. He was aroused — he *wanted* her... And she wanted him too. Wholly and completely. They had each other’s hearts and souls, she had his name, though no one would ever know it, and now, Padme wanted his body too. She wanted to feel the heavy weight of him above her, their hot skins pressed against each other, cries gasped into the other’s mouths... She wanted all of that, and the thought sent waves of excitement pooling between her legs because she was going to have it.

Anakin pulled her tighter into his arms and moved suddenly, so that her own arms and legs followed suit in fear of falling, but the act was entirely useless as the moment he released her, she was sent tumbling down onto the mattress with a *bounce* and glared up at him. “Is that how you treat a lady, Master Skywalker?”

He grinned at her and climbed onto the bed, crawling toward her body as Padme shuffled backwards, away from him, until her back collided gently with the metallic framing, effectively trapping her between Anakin, and it. “No, milady, only my *wife*.”

“Well, I’m very glad that I am not *her*, then.”

There was no answer to her breathless flirtation, for her husband's attention focused elsewhere and Padme's eyes followed his hot gaze to her breasts, now exposed as they'd moved upward along the bed and somehow, her cheeks flushed redder still. She'd never been very confident with her breasts, always so small and *lacking* and Anakin's eyes raked over her, as if memorizing every inch of her skin and Padme struggled not to squirm. She wasn't as *gifted* as her mother and sister, frankly, there was very little there to hold his attention and she was afraid he was going to find her... Disappointing. Men preferred such parts to be bigger, didn't they? What if he found her unappealing? Or less attractive or —

“By the Force...” He whispered quietly, “you’re so beautiful...”

“Ani...”

“I mean it — you’re so... I mean, look at...” Large hands reached for her ankles and *tugged*, drawing her sharply down the bed to him before leaning down to kiss her with a near dizzying speed, and there was no stopping her moan this time as her arms came around his body to frolic along the sinewy muscles of his back through the loose shirt. ‘You’re *perfect*.’ He breathed against her lips when they parted, “*so perfect*,” and then he kissed her again long and unhurried and her fingers reached the hem of his trousers and debated slipping beneath... She *wanted* to touch him, to free their bodies of their clothes, but the excruciatingly sweet slowness of the moment was intoxicating.

And there was more to come, as he tore himself away from her kiss to examine her further, using both hands to ease the straps of the nightgown off of her shoulders entirely and brought his cybernetic thumb to her flesh and followed the curve of her breast, eyes transfixed the entire time, following the movement keenly, and gently flicked her nipple, making her gasp. “What?” He snapped his attention back to her eyes, “did I — did I do something wrong?”

He was *hopeless*. And absolutely adorable.

“No,” she giggled, reaching up to stroke her knuckles across his cheekbone softly, “it’s just a little... *Cold*.” The durasteel was different to his skin and ice-cold against her own. She didn’t mind the sensation exactly, it was just different, something she’d surely get used to with a little time.

“Oh.” He frowned, “I could fix that — program it with some kind of heating, I mean, if I can give Artoo the —”

“Anakin...” Padme drawled, unable to stop smiling, “my love, aren’t there better things we can be spending our time doing?” This was not really the time to be discussing programming, it was their *wedding night*. They could speak about other things later.

“Right.” He said, nodding, and Padme sat up to kiss him again, and slowly, the passion reignited between them and piece by piece their clothing was stripped away, until just as she wanted, they were skin to skin, every inch of their bodies bared to the other’s eye. Although, she wasn’t given much time to appreciate his *beautiful* form, as Anakin was far too interested in his own exploration of her with lips, teeth and fingers and all Padme could do was, well, *enjoy* it.

As lovely and sweet and attentive as her new husband was, Anakin was still a *man*, and he was particularly captivated by, of course, her breasts. And Padme was sure she *should* feel exasperated at such behaviour, but truly, she only felt loved and admired and *attractive* even.

He took his time, touching and admiring until, with a glint of curiosity in his eyes, his head dipped lower to ghost a kiss to the pale skin beside Padme's nipple and the near touch left her quivering. Agonisingly, the kiss moved and became another and another until he gently took the little peak into his hot, wet mouth.

The Senator moaned, and instinctually her back arched upwards, pushing her flesh further toward his *wonderful* mouth... *Oh!* Oh, she'd never... It was beyond *anything* Padme had been able to accomplish with her own touch... Slim fingers ran through blonde locks as her eyes fell shut to properly enjoy the pleasurable sensation of Anakin's tongue flicking across her pebbled nipple. It was so — so good. While his mouth worked wonders. The cold fingers of the durasteel arm crept along her body, climbing higher and higher until it took the swell of her free breast into his palm and squeezed gently. The combined sensation left Padme breathless and she rewarded his efforts with husky cries.

Eventually, despite the sweet pleasure Anakin brought her, Padme drew him back to her lips to snake her own hand lower, skimming along the slight dip of his hips and around to gently take his hard erection into her hand. He had his turn, and now she wanted hers. She wanted to learn his body and come to know it as well as she knew her own. He was exquisite, sculpted perfectly in every way and she'd never felt more attracted to him than now, unclothed and skin to skin, with nothing to hide and everything to learn.

The poor thing was so hard for her already, so aroused and aching without her touch, and she *delighted* in the surprised gasp he gave as she delicately ran the tips of her fingers along his length. It was not called a hardness for nothing, she noted, eyebrows knitting together. It certainly earned its name. Anakin's face buried itself in the crook of her neck and he panted there, groaning loudly as her fingers ghosted a feather-light touch across the swollen tip of him, and his hips pushed themselves further into her touch. Padme had never touched a man before; her only real experiences were sweet kisses with Palo and a few dates here and there through the years... That was hardly anything to go by now, was it? Her hand trembled as she touched him, but this time, it was not nerves that plagued her, but frustration at her own inexperience. This was supposed to be *good* for him, for both of them, and she had no idea how to make it so. He'd already done so marvellously, and she wanted him to feel as good as he made her feel.

Maybe if she just... Her hand curled around him experimentally and gave a careful squeeze. Anakin mouthed wetly at her neck with a long, low groan and a quick thrust into her hand... That — that worked, didn't it? He *liked it*. Despite herself, Padme smiled and turned her head to press a kiss into his hair as his hands fisted the sheets tightly by either side of her... She was doing something right! The realisation brought the bride a newfound confidence to touch him faster, squeezing him again at the base and growing gentle at the head, and Anakin lost himself in the bliss, moaning and grunting things too muffled to understand.

He felt rather... *Big*. And the thought filled Padme's cheeks with tender heat, because from what she'd heard... That may be something she'd become rather *grateful* for, in time. Just the feeling of him in her hand overwhelmed her with a sudden aroused want — no, *need* to be filled, to feel him deep inside her, bringing them both to the greatest heights of pleasure. She felt herself grow wetter at the mere thought and squirmed slightly as her little bundle of nerves ached for friction. She wanted him terribly...

Anakin somehow hardened further with her touch and panted into her skin as she stroked and held him until his body tensed suddenly, stiffening tightly against her until once again she felt the cool touch of durasteel against her skin as he stilled her wrist with a hiss. “*Padme...*” He lifted his head and trembled... “I — I’m... If you don’t stop, I’m going to...”

Understanding, she nodded and craned her neck up to kiss him again, smiling against his lips. With just her *hand*, she’d brought him to near completion... Whether that came from inexperience on his part or a job well done on hers, Padme didn’t care. She only wished he’d let her take him to the end, so she could see his face as he basked in the pleasure and hear the sounds that tumbled from his lips... Well, that would come later.

She herself practically *ached* for his touch; the unmistakable slickness that coated her thighs was proof of that. And, as if hearing her thoughts, blue eyes flicked down between them for a moment before something akin to roguish grin crossed his face before two palms, flesh and cybernetic, palmed at her breasts once more while his head dipped low to suckle at her throat. “I want to... I mean, it’s just... I want to touch you.” He declared against her skin suddenly, “but — but I don’t... *I don’t know how...*”

It shouldn’t, but the awkward admission sends a wave of hot desire rushing between her legs. He wanted to touch her... To make her feel good again... Her eyes fell closed for a moment to suppress a lustful shudder. To admit what he had, took braveness, it wasn’t easy to ask for help, especially in matters of intimacy. Padme had a little experience with... *Touching...* She could just, well; it would be rather easy to... *Show... Him...* “That’s alright. Here...”

With a small gruff of unsureness and an uncomfortable smile he didn’t look at, Padme slowly shifted, opening her legs a little more, exposing herself to Anakin’s heated gaze and raised her eyes to the ceiling for a long moment. The fire of passion lingered, but it *did* fizzle beneath the anxiety at being looked at... *There...* No one had ever looked at her there like this before. It was slightly nerve-racking. Did he find her... Appealing? There came a sudden need to shield herself from his eyes, to press her thighs together tightly, but Anakin’s hands flew out quickly and grasped her knees tightly, as if to hold her in place. “*Don’t*. Just — don’t do that. You’re so — so...” Unable to form whatever compliment he had in mind, Anakin leant down instead, to brush his lips over Padme’s flat stomach. “Show me. Show me what you like.”

Nodding nervously, she reached for his cybernetic arm and drew it close, “does it hurt?” the words left her mouth whispered as gentle fingers traced across the cold metal, observing again the contrast to the warmth of his flesh, and she watched his face closely.

He gave a half shrug and a wry smile. “A little...”

“Are you sure this is alright? If it hurts, I can —”

“*Padme...* Not now... Please?”

Wordlessly, her thighs parted a little further and Anakin leant back on his knees to watch, and she noticed the shake of his flesh hand. He was nervous too... Somehow, knowing that made everything seem a little... Easier. The prominent Adam’s apple in his throat bobbed with an uneasy swallow as his eyes fell low, to where she was exposed to him and a long, aroused shudder shook through his body. She drew his fingers through the neat curls above

the apex of her thighs and lower, to her damp entrance and watched his face closely all the while. He frowned for a moment, hesitating as her own hand fell away but falteringly stroked the rough pad of his thumb against her needy clit and Padme's hips rose automatically. "Like this?" He asked inquisitively.

She gasped as he did it again with a little more force, "yes... Just — just like that..." With every moment, Anakin's confidence grew and grew until his touch became firm and sure, his thumb rubbed small circles against her and the pleasure drew her hips upwards to meet him each time. It felt wonderful — *amazing*... And the pressure began to rise quickly, building toward a powerful crescendo. However, before her pleasure could reach that point, he *moved*, letting his fingers swipe low between her moist folds and curiously dipped the tip of his finger within her.

"Oh! That's so — so..."

"Cold?" Anakin chuckled and her eyes flew open to be greeted with the smug amusement shining in his eyes and if she weren't so desperate for *more* of his touch, Padme may have reached back and thrown a pillow at him. He crawled along her body again to claim her lips slowly, licking his way into her mouth as his finger slid *deeper* and swallowed her moans. He faltered once or twice, moving too harshly or gently but seemed to pick it up quicker than expected, and Padme threw her head back onto the pillow when he added another finger.

Her eyes opened to see he was holding himself up by his forearm beside her, and the combined sensation of his fingers and lips dancing across her neck pushed her dangerously close to the blessed edge — it would be *so easy* to let him take her there, to let the pleasure wash over her body and release everything that had been building within her since they started, but it didn't feel *right*. She didn't want the pleasure if Anakin wasn't receiving it too. What she wanted, no, what Padme *needed* was him, inside of her, *now*.

Carefully, she pried his hand away from her body and brought him up, so both flesh and cybernetic hands rested by either side of her head. She couldn't wait any longer, and from the way the hard length of him throbbed against her thigh, Padme assumed he felt the same way. "Ani... I want you..."

His warm breath fanned her skin as his mouth opened and shut for a moment wordlessly, arousal and the desire to speak battled in his mind and Padme waited, patient for him. "I — are you sure? I — I read that, that it *hurts*... For you."

She smiled up at him to seem comforting as she could, but it was a little difficult, the nerves had returned now that it was truly about to happen... And he *was* right. This was going to hurt and she was a little afraid, but that was alright, it was only natural... And every woman dealt with it. It was going to be fine. "Ani, it's alright. I promise. *I want this*." When she leant up, Anakin met her half way to press their lips together in a soft but lingering kiss, and Padme couldn't resist capturing the thin braid that hung low beneath his ear and twirling it between her fingers. They parted slowly, lips peeling away from one another as gently as earlier, in their first kiss as man and wife and it was her turn to swallow nervously as she felt the slight pressure of the tip of him at her entrance.

She gasped as he pushed into her, inch by inch, and almost drowned out the low, pleased groan he made. His eyes fell shut but Padme's widened as being filled by him grew from uncomfortable to painful in the space of a few moments... Unlike with his fingers, this was

far from pleasant and as hard as her lips clamped together, there was no stopping the pained whimper that she made. He was big, and it *hurt* to stretched out by him like this. Anakin, her sweet, sweet Ani moved as slowly as he could, fisting the sheets tightly by either side of her head and twin cries filled the small space between them as his hips drove forward to pierce her fully.

His was of pleasure.

Hers was pain.

Sharp nails dug into his back as unexpected tears pricked at her eyes and she heard him hiss, whether from the small hurt the act caused him or the satisfaction of being inside her, she didn't know. It hurt worse than the Nexu's claws. Part of her wanted to stop, to push him away but Padme dismissed such thoughts quickly. She *wanted* this, the passion and the intimacy came at a price for the first time and she was willing to pay it. But that didn't mean she had to enjoy this particular part of it.

Anakin stilled once fully sheathed within her, panting and trembling above her and carefully nudged the tip of his nose against hers. "Padme? Is this — are you alright?"

She nodded before speaking, clenching both eyes shut for a moment to exhale deeply. "Yes, I'm fine. Just... Stay still? Please?"

He said nothing, and kissed her instead and she was glad of the distraction from the pain. One of her hands slid into his hair, tugging and scraping across his scalp as their tongues and lips mated frantically as Anakin poured everything he could into the kiss, and Padme sensed it was a distraction for him too, from the *need* to move and seek his release. So her tongue danced around his before retreating back into the depths of her own mouth, allowing him to play chase, to take control.

"I'll wait as long as you need." He murmured against her lips when they pulled away and the words prompted her eyes open to look up into his. The stunning azure she loved so much had darkened completely, to a near unrecognisable black, filled with a powerful lust she'd barely begun to taste. Suddenly, despite the pain and her discomfort, Padme clenched around him as her own arousal spiked once more. She couldn't wait to experience this again when the pain was gone and she could *enjoy* the way he took her... Until their passion could be nothing system shattering pleasure that left them both boneless and sated.

That's what Anakin deserved now... Their first time together was an entirely different experience for them both. He should have the pleasure he craved without having to hold himself back for her sake. Her hand ran up and down his back softly, pausing here and there to trace gentle patterns into his skin. He'd been so attentive and conscientious and he should have everything he desired. Inside her, she felt him throb and twitch impatiently, and knew he'd wait forever for her even if it meant sacrificing his own enjoyment.

Which was why she had to make sure that he didn't. It only took one gentle push of his head to draw him down to her again and tugged his earlobe between her teeth, drawing a long, moan and another twitch of his cock. "Ani..." She whispered quietly, "I'm ready."

Above her, he nodded and panted shakily as he rose up again and carefully slid himself out of her almost all of the way. It felt strange... To be free of the fullness the connection of their bodies brought her. How odd that she'd adjusted to that aspect so quickly.

Padme took his lips with her own this time and kissed him languidly as he slid within her again, and while still uncomfortable, it hurt far less than earlier. It hinted at what was to come, a pleasure that awaited her. She couldn't wait to experience it.

"Padme..." Anakin moaned, drawing out every syllable of her name, "Force you feel... It's so good..." His head fell into her neck again and she cradled him to her. "You're so *tight* and wet and... *Oh, force...*" To hear him so aroused for her, *by* her, and how she felt to him for a moment inspired her to feel — to *regret* — that she hadn't given into her feelings and done this sooner. While it wasn't a great deal of time they'd missed out on, the knowledge that he'd be leaving her sooner than later had her mourning for those lost days. She spent time denying her feelings, being less happy than she *could* have been out of fear, and perhaps reluctance toward change... Now, married to the man for her, her Jedi protector, Padme wished she'd been open to this earlier.

His pace increased suddenly, and she pulled him closer still, while her fingers explored the ridges of his spine and his teeth sunk into her neck, creating a sharp sting. By tomorrow, she'd bear a love mark, but the thought didn't bother her now. If anything, it created a secret new spark of arousal that drew her hips up to meet his next thrust. This time, it was different... It didn't hurt but it didn't create stars in her eyes either. But she was getting there... Truly, the discomfort grew lesser with his every thrust. Perhaps it would even begin to feel *good*?

For a few blissful moments, all she knew was Anakin. He filled her every sense. His scent, his touch, his kiss. His hand slid along her thigh and downward, toward her knee and drew it up, around his waist and suddenly he was *deeper* within her, and the change created a sudden pang of pleasure and pain so entwined she could hardly tell one from the other.

His throbbing inside of her increased and above her, she felt him tense again, just like when she'd pleased him with her hand and Padme canted her hips upward again, clenching sharply around him. The action spurred a foreign word from his lips, low and rough, and she suspected it was most likely some form of curse. Suddenly, he pressed her into the mattress as his grunts and groans grew in pitch and frequency and he thrust into her *hard*. It *hurt*. It truly did, but she did nothing to stop him because this was about Anakin though he may say otherwise. She wanted him to find his pleasure no matter how she felt. Her time would come later.

At last, he stiffened fully above her, and with a loud masculine roar, he his seed spilt and coated her womanhood with multiple bursts of wet heat. She let him ride out his pleasure, seeking every drop he could manage with gentler, shallower thrusts until he was sated and collapsed onto her with a satisfied sigh.

Padme's hand carded through his hair softly while her other stroked along his back, up and down, up and down as he panted against her, recovering. He was heavy above her, but she didn't care. Her other leg wrapped itself around his waist tightly as she revelled in the closeness of the moment, the *intimacy* they floated within. An eternity could have passed outside, but neither husband nor wife would have noticed or cared. The longer she could hold him to her, the better. He was safe here, he was *alive* and with her. The same could not be said after he left her. And that departure drew closer and closer. It was sooner than later and the thought drew a quiet whimper from deep within her throat.

Anakin lifted his head and frowned, “Padme? What is it? I hurt you, didn’t I? I’m sorry — I — I shouldn’t have —”

“No, Ani.” She shook her head and cupped his cheek with a watery smile. “You were *perfect*. I’m just...” Drawing him to her again, there was no time to put her feeling into words. The more they spoke of his leaving for the battlefield, the realer it became. All she wanted right now, above anything else in the Galaxy, was to be with him, uninterrupted and openly, forever. To be husband and wife in all the ways everyone else got to be. She wanted an easy life, with nothing to tear them apart, not the Jedi or a war they had no business fighting or the Senate to eat away her time until there was none left over for him to share. Surely that wasn’t too much to ask? Perhaps, in the Galaxy and lives they’d found themselves in, it was.

Her mouth opened, but no words left. What was there to say? She could pour out her worries until dawn but what would it accomplish? Nothing could change what was to come, their paths were set and all they could do was walk them. Come what may, they were together. And this war couldn’t last forever. Nothing ever did. Nothing but love and that, Padme knew they had in abundance.

“I love you.” She whispered and Anakin pressed his forehead to hers with his bright, charming grin.

“I love you too, *wife*.”

Somehow, she laughed. How would she ever get used to being called that? *Wife*. She was Anakin Skywalker’s *wife*. “I believe I love you more, *husband*.”

“Impossible.” He grumbled, pressing a kiss to her cheek.

“Oh, it’s very possible. You’ll have to prove me wrong to make me think otherwise.”

He rose up again with a gorgeous smile that awoke the light in his eyes and Padme’s own grew in response. “I will. Someday you’ll see.”

“Well, Mr Skywalker... I’ll count the days.”

And then there was no more talking, only laughter and kisses and eventually, as the rise of the sun began to light the chamber, the quiet slumbering of husband and wife in a tangled mess of blankets and limbs. Whatever came next, was an afterthought, a bridge to be crossed another time. They had one another and that, at least for now, was enough.